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the cliffs are broken down considerably and are covered wherever there is opportunity with graceful fir trees. A difficult climb of one thousand feet from the camp ground brings us to the summit of Cathedral Rock. The view from this point is perhaps the finest of any about the lake.

To descend the deep and tortuous trail from the camp to the level of the lake gives a better realization of the height and steepness of the walls. Particularly interesting is a ride upon the surface of the lake. There are no boats, but a rude raft can be constructed of logs which will permit of short excursions along the shore in the quiet morning hours. In this way, following the shore to the eastward, we come upon the Phantom Ship, one of the remarkable curiosities of the lake. It is an island formed by a jagged ridge of lava projecting above the water to the north of Dutton Cliffs. With the trees projecting from its sharp crest, it presents a remarkable likeness to a turreted battleship.

Features of interest exist all about the lake, but these cannot be visited until boats are available. The wonderful blueness of the water, whether viewed from the top of the cliffs or from a raft upon its surface, continually attracts attention and arouses admiration. Although the water is of great purity there are no fish in it and but little life of any kind. There are no surface outlets, for the lowest points upon the rim are more than five hundred feet above the water. It is probable that the extremely limited drainage together with the precipitation upon the surface of the lake nearly or quite balances the evaporation; although it is thought that there may be an underground outlet.

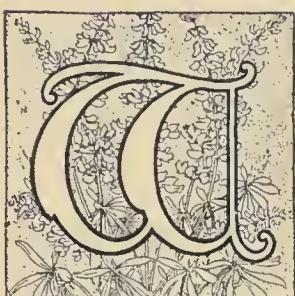
The lowest points in the rim are formed by the valleys of Sun and Sand creeks. The topographic features of these valleys, together with the moraines and glacial scratches upon some of the highest portions of the rim of the crater, show clearly that when they were formed a great mountain must have existed over the present lake. Glacial scratches exist upon the outer slope of the rim but not upon the inner. The two valleys referred to were truncated at the time of the falling in of the mountain. One can walk up either of them upon a gentle grade until stopped by the precipitous walls of the crater.

Crater Lake lies there in the heart of the Cascades in all its primitive beauty and grandeur. Fit companion is this wonderful lake for the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone Park, and there can be no question but that in time Crater Lake will become as much appreciated as the other two are at the present time.

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CHILD BIRDS OF OUR GARDENS.

By ELIZABETH GRINNELL.



E had no sooner trudged back through the dust of the plowed orchard, after photographing the blackbird child, than sounds of great distress met us. There really was no distress at all, but the parent yellow warblers had taken to worrying. They were sure trouble was coming. The woful sounds came from a pepper-tree in the garden, and looking around we discovered conditions that made us exclaim, "O dear, we shall never get those little yellow birds to photograph." We had been patiently waiting for them to ripen, exactly as we wait for peaches and pomegranates. But we had not intended to wait long enough for them to fall.

Looking up we saw the four, two in the tree top, and two in the brim of the nest, lifting their half-developed wings and echoing the danger cry of their parents in a baby tone.

It was late, but we must have the picture! Else when they grew up, how would anybody know how such people looked when they were children? It might be discovered that they belonged to royalty, or they might become politicians, and the magazines might want their photographs in successive stages. Besides, our own family album would be incomplete. We would not like to place it in the lap of visitors to look over, were the yellow warbler babies left out. So up the tree I began to climb.

Now would any person of the gentle sex be ready for emergencies in the vocation of nature study, she must, like Little Nancy Etticoat, wear a short petticoat, as a matter of habit when she doesn't happen to be going to church.

As for climbing trees in the pursuit of knowledge or fun, many a woman works harder and looks droller attempting the ascent to some other eminence. I had not reached the junction of the second series of limbs when there came a flutter and a skurry on the descending scale and all four of the birdlings disappeared.

Had the parent birds maintained silence at this point, their young ones would have remained lost to us. But their solicitude overcame their caution. They at once became more nervous—in short, hysterical. They hesitated between placing themselves in the hands of their friends or fighting us with all the courage of their convictions.

Had we been a railway franchise, they could not have shown more vigorous protest. In the rush and clamor the children flew and fluttered in all directions, until a certain note of "Hush!" from the parents, tardily given, when all was quiet and we gave

it up for awhile. But we had no notion of giving it up for good. And a patient, still watch from the windows rewarded our efforts. We succeeded in catching a couple of the stubby-tailed, quaint little birds.

There is a popular belief that the numerical system belongs to the human race alone. But we do know from unmistakable proofs that most birds count, in nesting time at least. Those parent warblers did not give up their search for the two we held, though the two they had secreted in a rose bush so thorny we couldn't reach them, were fed every few minutes to keep up their spirits. We restored the babes after a visit to the photograph gallery, and there was the usual scene of family rejoicing. A



BABY YELLOW WARBLERS.

fatted calf was served in the person of a plump garden spider who had mistaken the midday gloom of the garden corner for moonshine.

In the matter of counting noses in nesting time, the towhees are an instance. Should two fall out of the nest, though instantly removed from the neighborhood, the parent birds keep up the search, in which quest all the birds of the garden take active and vocal part. And you will recognize a child towhee at sight when you have looked at his picture. The feet and legs are strong, but not so ludicrously large as the blackbird's, and not so delicate as those of the yellow warbler, who perches in place of promenading. The child towhee knows full well that he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The fates have decreed that he must scratch for a living. Like the

true philosopher he does not try to shirk his part in the world, but early takes to the ground, where he runs, and dodges, and hops and skips, and grows alert of eye and ear, always near brush or other cover.

Dr. Watts was more of a moralist than an ornithologist. What mother has not taught her children the illustrious lines—

“Birds in their little nests agree—
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children in one family
Fall out and chide and fight.”

His intention was good, but his observation poor.

Birds in their little nests are extremely selfish. Their table manners are bad. They do often “fall out” on this account. They would fight as well, I am convinced, were it not for the fact that they are obliged to hold on with their claws as soon as they are old enough to reach the brim of the nest when dinner is coming. As it is, if a young mocker or towhee can manage by hook or crook to plant one foot on the neck of a little comrade in hunger, it holds it fast until the repast is served. They will stand upon each other's backs in spite of protest, sometimes losing the meal in a mutual struggle for supremacy. And in the matter of cuddling into the bottom of the warm nest, each seeks to burrow under its fellow until at last several “fall out” together and “agree” to remain on or near the ground the rest of their lives. As to length of life, or as to whether a baby towhee shall live long enough to become a juvenile, remains for the cats to determine—that is, if cats are permitted to lurk in the garden shrubbery. For our part we see to it that they do not lurk for any length of time.

Young mockers are as liable to fall out as towhees, and for the same reasons. I believe mocking-bird parents do replace their young. Repeated observations and much hearsay evidence convince me. One helpless infant fell out and lay in the grass, on its back. I put down my hand to pick it up, when it caught my fingers with its toes before I could grasp the bird. In this way, topsy turvy, and clinging of itself, it was carried around



YOUNG TOWHEE.

the yard. I placed it right side up with care on the ground when it immediately turned over, feet up, and crying with all its might. The mother flew to it, or just above it, and the child bird caught her feet with its toes just as it had taken hold of my fingers. It was lifted in this way several times a few inches above the grass.

Dark was coming on and I replaced it in the nest. Next day I found it on the ground. Placing it in a box so it should remain in my sight and not struggle away, I watched from an upper window. The mother flew down and stepped lightly upon the back of the young one, clutching an instant, but unable to



YOUNG MOCKING BIRD.

get a good hold. She returned several times, apparently trying to teach the child the art of turning over on its back and taking hold. I went down and turned it over, but the little thing was stupid. A boy, whom I know and respect, told me that he has seen a mother mocker carry a young one into the nest, and I believe his story.

As to the further baby habits of the mocker family, I have not room in this article to describe them. Of all our child birds they are the most interesting, probably for the reason that they remain infantile for so long a period. They do not seem to gain in intelligence at an early day. But let a mocker once come of age, and you need no other birds in your garden for company. You have all the birds.

But mocking-birds are growing less abundant each season. Where once four birds were nesting in the garden, a single couple are this year striving to raise their interesting family. Enemies to their freedom have arrested normal conditions. I would as soon shut up in cages our Southern California sunshine as to cage a mocker. No one has a right. They belong to the freedom of our Paradise. They are found north only through Salinas Valley and up the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys to Marysville.

Pasadena, Cal.

A SONG FOR ARIZONA.

By THOS. WOOD STEVENS.



HE kings of the world have waxed and died in narrower states than mine ;
And realms have risen to rampant power, to sink in drear decline,
That were poor by the measure of my wealth—the creditors of the brine.

Across my purple peaks the snows fall scant and dry away,
And the breasts of earth that should be full are withered and rimed and grey ;
For the chill is mine of the dewless night, till the barren, aching day.

I call to my heedless, jeweled sky—the shimmering wanton smiles,
Flinging her bacchant robes of cloud across the thirsty miles ;
And the intimate stars come near in the night to bare her mocking wiles.

I call on his hastening trails the wind, where the mad dust-demons glide,
But he answers me with the sting of a lash and only a pause to chide,
And his forefront sweeps as a gloomy flame where the silence stretches wide.

For I was old when the Younger Sea arose to seek my bed,
And in my tale 'tis but a night that he and I were wed,
For in the morn I woke again, and the love of him was dead.

Gaylord Bros.

Makers

Syracuse, N. Y.

PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

